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THE WEST GATE OF DERRY.

THE WALLS OF DERRY.

It is a melancholy reflection to an individual possessing anything of real patriotic feeling, that in looking over the map of our island, there is scarcely a spot the contemplation of which is not embittered by some painful recollection to some portion of the community. From time immemorial the demon of discord appears to have taken up his favourite residence amongst us. Brother has risen against brother—friend against friend; and, in the midst of the petty commotions which have thus taken place, our island, which appears to have been formed by Providence as a spot in which as much of comfort and enjoyment might be experienced as on any other portion of the habitable globe, has, age after age, presented to the gazer's view little else than one continued scene of misery and distress.

How different from what it now is, for instance, would the sensation be of the various classes of our community, if, in gazing on such a spot as the walls of Derry, the reminiscence were such as a Greek must experience in beholding Marathon or Thermopylæ, where his forefathers chose rather to form a rampart of their bodies than allow the foot of a foreign army to pollute their native

soil. If in contemplating scenes in which deeds of noble daring and endurance have been exhibited, equal to any ever displayed by the bravest sons of Greece or Rome, the painful feeling were not induced, that in many instances the record is but one of civil discord, and of party feud, in which the victory achieved was but the triumph of one individual over another of the same family, assisted perchance by some foreign ally—the common enemy of both—who rendered his aid in the hope of raising himself on the ruins of either. Such are the reflections which have been forced upon us by the contemplation of the engraving before us—a gate and a portion of the wall of the city of Londonderry, a place rendered notorious in story as having endured one of the severest and most prolonged sieges of any city or town in the dominions of Great Britain. *

* The siege was maintained for one-hundred and five days, and from the following note of the price of provisions, some idea may be formed of the sufferings of the besieged, and the degree of heroism which animated them in their refusals to surrender: Horse-flesh, each pound, one shilling and eight pence; a quarter of a dog, fattened by eating dead bodies,

In the beginning of the seventeenth century Sir Henry Dockwray founded the city of Londonderry, from which time it was esteemed a place of considerable importance: we find, however, mention made of it in history so early as 546. In the rebellion of 1606 it was surprised, and the governor, Sir George Powlett, with the entire garrison, put to the sword. Three years after this, king James made a grant of it, together with 210,000 acres of land, to various companies in the city of London, on the condition that they should fortify Derry and Coleraine, and also colonize the country with English settlers—from which circumstance the former place derived its name.

From no other place that we know of can so just a conception be formed of the manner in which the chief towns and cities throughout the country were fortified in former times—as the walls, which are rather more than a mile in circumference, though built in the year 1617, are still in a good state of preservation; and the gates and bastions still present much the same appearance as they must have done at the time of the siege. The walls which form a noble terrace, and are now the great promenade for the fashionables of the city, consist of a thick rampart of earth, faced with stone, and flanked with bastions—a parapet breast-high running round them. They are from fourteen to thirty-seven yards in breadth, and from twenty to twenty-five feet in height. Within the walls are four main streets, the centre forming a kind of diamond or square, and at the termination of each a massive archway and gate, similar to that represented above, to two of which portcullises were attached. The main streets within the walls are intersected by numerous lesser streets and lanes—the houses, which are built of brick, being generally of a good description. Outside the walls there are a number of other streets, principally composed of houses of a middling and poorer description—a few of a better class being observable in different directions.

The view of the city of Londonderry from a little distance is extremely fine. From the magnificent sweep which the Foyle takes around it, it appears as if standing on an island, completely separated from the mainland. It is built on a hill—on the very summit of which stands the cathedral, with its towering spire, and being surrounded with its high battlemented walls, has the appearance of a regular fortification. The passage to the city across the Foyle, is by an uncommonly handsome wooden bridge, one thousand and sixty-eight feet in length, and forty in width, constructed in America by Lemuel Cox, of Boston, brought thence in the year 1789, and opened for passengers in the year following—the expense of it having been upwards of £11,000. In order to allow the passage of vessels up and down the river, there is a drawbridge nearly midway, which is worked by machinery of a rather curious construction, and on either side there is a footway for passengers, along which a number of lamps are ranged—the entire presenting a very pleasing appearance.

THE EMIGRANT.

From a very neat little work which has just issued from the Dublin press, entitled “Leisure Moments,” by W. S. Little, A. B., we extract the following simple, though very natural story:

“In the west of Ireland, some ten years ago, the spirit of emigration made rapid strides among the better order of the lower classes, owing to the false prospects held out

five shillings and six pence; a dog's head two shillings and six pence; a cat, four shillings and six pence; a rat fattened by eating human flesh, one shilling; a mouse, six pence; a pound of greaves, one shilling; a pound of tallow, four shillings; a pound of salted hides, one shilling; a quart of horse blood, one shilling; a handful of sea-wreck, two pence; the same quantity of chicken-weed, one penny.

When the garrison was relieved, they had only nine lean horses left, and one pint of meal to each man. Hunger and fatigue had so prevailed among them, that of seven thousand five hundred men regimented at the commencement of the siege, they had then alive but about four thousand three hundred, of whom, at least, one-fourth part were rendered unserviceable.

to them by those speculating adventurers, who had no care how many families they involved in ruin provided their miseries paved the road for their own advancement. Among the number of those who lent a willing ear to their machinations, was Denis Costello. Now Denis was a particularly great man in the part of the country he inhabited, being proprietor of a small farm of seventeen or eighteen acres, which had been handed down, with a considerable profit rent, from father to son, before the memory of the “oldest inhabitant” of the village. He generally drove half a score of wethers, and, at times, a fat cow, to the fair of the neighbouring town, which was distant about four miles; and never sat down to a worse dinner than bacon of his own saving, and a smoking dish of flat-dutch cabbages. Owing to these and other prudent considerations, the priest of the parish generally favoured the mansion of the lucky Denis, by holding frequent stations therein; and made it a point to breakfast with him every sabbath, after having held mass in the little chapel, which, fortunately, lay at but a short distance. Denis had, however, another very considerable source of profit in his trade, which was, that of cart, plough, and harrow maker general, to the nobility and gentry of Ballybooleghan; so that altogether he considered himself, and probably was, as independent a man as the squire who whipped his four bays every Sunday to the parish church.

“At the early age of seventeen, according to the usual custom of Irish peasants, he had married a neighbour's daughter, still younger than himself, and the pride of the village for beauty, fortune, and accomplishments; in fact, no marriage in high life was ever more talked over than that of Denis Costello with Nancy O'Neill. The elders of the village met in solemn conclave, generally twice or three times a week, at some appointed place, and, voting the schoolmaster in the chair, argued the point with as much zeal as so many ambitious members of Parliament.

“As to Denis, he was young, strong, and in love, and did not care a sheaf of oats, so as he secured his bride, whether she brought him fifty pounds or pence; but the old folks could not be brought to consider the matter at all in this light, and, reversing Denis's sentiments, merely considered the girl in the secondary light of a something necessarily attached to the fortune. After a month's deliberations, in which much argument was expended, it was at length settled, that the bride should bring the lucky Denis twenty-five guineas in hard money, two milch cows, and a second-hand plough.

“Manifold were the rejoicings in the village of Ballybooleghan, on the day that Denis, tricked out in a new broad-cloth coat, (in the bright gilt buttons of which the meridian sun saw reflected his jolly face unshorn of a single beam,) led his blushing bride to the hymeneal altar, surrounded by a concourse of as happy faces as ever danced at a holiday festival. The bells would have infallibly rung a loud and merry peal, as bells are wont, did it not unluckily happen that there could not, in the whole village, be found one of even the smallest dimensions; however, in lieu thereof, they laughed, sung, danced, quizzed, and got drunk, in demonstration of their joy—and inducted Denis and his bride into all the mysteries of the nuptial chamber, with a due regard to the usual forms and ceremonies practised on the occasion.

“Now Nancy, beyond the uncertain and transitory possession of beauty, possessed uncommon shrewdness and sense, and a heart teeming with all the softer sensibilities of her sex. At the period to which we would allude, the delicacy and playfulness of her youth had been exchanged for the maturer charms, and more staid demeanour of womanhood; she had been eight years a wife, during which period four children had blessed her union with Denis, and strengthened the ties which at first linked them faithfully to one another. As she had been in her maiden days the prettiest and best girl in the village, so she was now equally remarkable for being the most attentive mother and attached wife; when others lay sluggishly a-bed in the cold winter mornings, Nancy was never known indulging similar sensual propensities, but, in the common parlance of the country, was always ‘up and stirring’ to get her husband's breakfast ready before going to his labour. The remainder of the day was occupied at her wheel, or